THE

BARBER

TURN'D

PACKER.

A NEW

BALLAD.

To the TUNE of *Packington's* Pound.

LONDON:

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BARBER turn'd *PACKER.*

NO Writer of Scandal doth *Caleb* excell,
Nor his Printer in *packing* that Scandal up well,
Tho' hard of two *Packers* to ſay which is beſt,
Yet one's a clean *Shaver* it muſt be confeſt;
He truly can crack
He ſcorns to *pack*
A Jury, to lay *Caleb* flat on his Back;
His Jury, like him, are ſo loyal and ſound,
They'll go to no Tune but of *Pack*-ington's Pound.

II.

When the Tryal came on, this *Shaver* addreſt
Brother Printer, whoſe Ears would allow him no Reſt;
Quoth he, Tho' 'twere Treaſon, you're ſafe, I aſſure ye,
King GEORGE makes the Judges, but who makes the Jury?
Away with your Dumps,
I, and honeſt Friend *Numps*,
Will ſtand by the *Jacobite* Cauſe to the Stumps,
Nor for being its Friend, think yourſelf an Offender;
For I am not hang'd, who kiſs'd Hand of *Pretender*.

III. When

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When you flatter'd King GEORGE, yet abus'd his beſt Friends,
You ſaw by Experience you ne'er got your Ends.
Now you ſo out-do us, Affairs muſt go ſwimming,
Small Gain's to be gotten, dear *Caleb*, by *trimming*.
No Barber's Renown
Is to ſhave Beard of Downe,
But he ſhaves the beſt, who *cuts cloſe* to the *Crown*;
And *Jemmy* ſhall own, without any Bravado,
No *Jacobite* ſerves him like one Renegado.

IV.

If *Lilly-Burlero* help'd turn out the Sire,
Who knows but a Ballad may help in the 'Squire;
And all he has loſt (by *Whigg*-Judges undone)
By Twelve of *Our Peers* again may be won.
Then a loyal new Catch
Brother Printer ſhall fetch,
Alive with both Ears, from the Hands of *Jack Ketch*.
Nor ſhall theſe Twelve Peers be byaſs'd by Pelf,
They're *Jemmy*'s without it, as much as myſelf.

V.

Now *Caleb*'s good Friends, a politick Crew,
Are all thorough Stateſmen and Patriots true;
As plain all may read in the fine Things he writes,
When the 'Squire or the Doctor ſo learned indites.
Who then without Fees
His Brain he doth ſqueeze,
To prove that the Moon it is made of green Cheeſe.
Thoſe wholeſome Preſcriptions he writes not for Rhino,
But waits his Reward from *Jure Divino*.

VI.

Then *D'Anvers* ſhall rhime, and the Doctor ſhall pun,
And *W----e* ſhall tumble, as ſure as a Gun.
Our *Pedlars* in Wit, with new Pannicks ſhall ſeize him,
And *Hawkers* of Ballads, by Millions, ſhall teaze him;
Our Punns he ſhall meet
In every Street.
The Knight he ſhall truckle, and *Caleb* be great;
Then *Numps* ſhall give Strong Beer, and I will give Wine-O,
To chriſten this Jury a Jury *de Vino*.

VII.

Thus ſpoke Maſter *Packer*, and ſpeak thus he may;
But God bleſs King GEORGE for ever, I ſay.
Tho' *Duncan* ſo dumb ſays *D'Anvers* ſhall ſhine,
And conquer his Foes in the Year twenty-nine;
'Tis nought but a Joke
By Braſen-head ſpoke,
To keep up the Heart of diſconſolate Folk;
For *Caleb* may wait Years twice twenty-nine-O,
Before he comes in with his *Jure Divino*.

FINIS.